

Animals

OUR DUMB

SEPTEMBER

1953



THEY FOLLOWED HIM TO SCHOOL ONE DAY (See Page 4)

—Photo by Stanley A. Baumon

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Korea and Cruelty

*W*E learned the good news about the Armistice in Korea while sailing off the coast of Cape Cod. We were on vacation and our sailing partner was our little Dachshund, "Penny." She is an excellent sailing companion because she is so quiet, and only occasionally does she bark at a sea gull that comes too close, but just as quickly wags a friendly and eloquent tail, which undoubtedly implies, "I'm sorry."

We thought of the close to 25,000 American homes where forever there would be an empty chair. We thought of the thousands of fathers and mothers who silently thanked God that an Armistice had been signed while their boys were still alive, and we thought of the many thousands who "sleep" forever in Korea—men of many nations fighting Communism and tyranny together under the banner of the United Nations. High on a hill outside Seoul are the graves of many of these brave men—Americans, Britons, Greeks, Turks, Filipinos, Canadians and many more—here they "sleep" under their countries' flags, victims of man's cruelty to man.

In a book just published by Philip Deane, entitled "I Was a Captive in Korea," he tells of seeing Koreans placing a dog in a straw sack and beating it to death "with rhythmic slowness to make certain the meat would be tender." Oh, the need of Humane Education and Kindness in that unfortunate land! What the whole world needs today is understanding, kindness, justice and mercy toward all living things. That is the hope of all decent men and women the world over. May the Armistice bring permanent peace for man and, yes, also for the unfortunate animals.

E. H. H.



School Days

OUR cover picture shows John Philip King, age six, and his two pets. It seems that when Johnny goes to his first grade class in Abington grammar school, he is followed the first part of the way by his two pets, a cocker spaniel named Ginger and a duck named Quack. To scores of Abington residents, the trio are a familiar sight, always the same order: Boy, dog and duck.

According to the Brockton *Enterprise & Times*, persons in the area of Park avenue, in Abington, are treated to this unusual sight daily, involving the ten-year-old cocker spaniel and the two-year-old white duck. The pair are owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert King.

When Quack, the duck, was very small, he was cared for by Ginger, the King's cocker spaniel. As Quack grew up, he became very fond of the dog, but Ginger's enthusiasm for the duck cooled.

Wherever the cocker goes, Quack waddles right behind and never are the animal and the bird over two feet apart. John Philip King has double protection as he plays around the neighborhood. And surprisingly enough Quack protects the spaniel when larger dogs come around. When the pair sleep, the duck's head is always cushioned by the dog.

The picture above, sent to us by Johnny's mother, shows the inseparable trio at playtime. In good weather, the boy hurries home from school, gets into his play clothes, and out to the yard he goes. There he is greeted enthusiastically by Ginger and Quack who are ready for a romp or any game of their young master's choosing. There is no question but that Johnny loves animals and his two pets know it and return a like affection.

The picture of Johnny going to school was used in papers all over the country and as a result the little boy enjoyed a lot of fan mail.

"Dynamite"

By Clarence E. Flynn

ONE day the traffic officer at the corner of Park and Main Streets in Butte, Montana, looked down, and there at his feet, wagging his tail in salute, stood a collie dog. The policeman took him and introduced him at the city hall. He was licensed under the name of "Dynamite," and registered as belonging to the city. The fee was paid from the city treasury. Butte had a dog.

Dynamite continued to live right at the corner where he had first introduced himself. When it was warm he lay on the sidewalk. When it was cold he lay on the heated grid where the traffic man stood. Working from this base, he soon knew Butte better than its people did.

He learned the restaurants and cafes, selected the best, and distributed among them the honor and privilege of providing him with his daily bread, or rather his daily scraps of chicken, turkey, and porterhouse steak.

Dynamite loved uniforms. Policemen, firemen, and service men were all alike to him. He probably thought they were all cops, like his friend at the corner of Park and Main.

One of his favorite diversions was a fire. He attended them all. He seemed always to know where a blaze was, and cutting across lots he would usually be serving on the welcoming committee when the fire trucks arrived.

He went unflinchingly to the annual children's day celebration. He knew the place, the day, and the hour, and he always caught the right car. Being connected with the city hall, he was the only dog privileged to ride on the street cars.

He was a baseball fan too. The copper mines all had their teams, and they were organized into a league that played off a long series each summer. The games were played at Clark Park at a quarter after six each evening. Dynamite would always catch the six o'clock car from Park and Main and be there on time.

He would trot into the park with wagging tail, and go all around greeting the people he knew. Then he would choose a side, and with barking and tail-wagging join in the rooting. It was considered uncanny how seldom he failed to pick the winning side.

Dynamite liked publicity, too. Well known to all the newspaper people, he seemed always doing something to make good copy. He wasn't camera-shy either. He seemed to love getting his picture in the paper.

Each winter quite a number of Butte people went to a warmer climate. On a certain day the railroad put on a special train for California, and the street car company ran special cars to it. Dynamite always took that special street car from Park and Main to see his friends off.

On the appointed day in the winter of 1927, he was there as usual, but when the train was ready to start instead of going back to town he climbed on board. No one objected. No one ever did object to anything he wanted to do. He was getting old and tired of the cold weather. Dynamite had retired, and was on his way to a milder climate to spend his remaining days.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Free Lance Photographers Guild

With the very "devil" in him, Nicky Ben would be an appropriate name for this cocker.

What's in a Name?

By Kathleen Garrett

THE naming of a pedigreed animal is a science and an art; but the naming of an animal that is to be only a pet is not a matter to be taken lightly. *Chowsie* and *Pinchie* are certainly inadequate for the aristocratic chow-chow and the distinguished doberman pinscher, and the dog that is just dog deserves a far better name than *Poochie* or *Butch* or *Bow-wow*.

Perhaps the first idea that occurs when naming a dog is to characterize him by some physical marking. *Spot*, *Ring*, *Patch* have all served many a dog in their day. A white paw produces a *Sockie* or a *Boots*. The prize for originality, however, goes to the owner who gave his dog, marked with white hairs on its chest, the name of *Jabot*.

Names indicating the dog's color are popular and appropriate. But *Blackie* and *Brownie* should make way for something a little more amusing and out of the ordinary, something, perhaps, like *Cinder* or *Jet*, *Chocolate* or *Toffee*.

Such names may become rather ambitious if the owner is interested in history as well as in emphasizing his dog's color. A Scottish terrier can be *Roderick Dhu* (Black Roderick), thereby fulfilling the original purpose of a color name, but also indicating his ancestry and suggesting his spirit. An Irish setter can be *Hugh Roe* (Red Hugh), commemorating his color as well as a famous Irish

hero. *Dark Rosaleen* and *Una of the Bright Flame* offer themselves as names for bitches.

Puppies are usually too young, when named, to exhibit any personal traits, yet *Shadow* followed his mistress around for several days until he named himself. *Imp* resulted from depredations on the family slippers. And little 'n *Spice*, who got her name from "Sugar 'n spice 'n every thing nice, that's what little girls are made of," was named with absolute correctness.

And *Kerry Blue Rebel* lived up to his name, for he took on anything canine that came his way.

Dog lovers often give their dogs names of attributes they expect, or have been led by tradition to expect, in a dog. *King*, *Rex*, *Prince* have attested to kingly or princely qualities in dogs for generations. Some Irish owners named their dog the Irish word for "faithful"—*Gelis*; this name is mentioned not so much to offer a name as to show that other languages and cultures can be drawn upon.

A name that is attractive on paper may not be good for calling purposes. Such a name is often the fate of a pedigreed dog. What, one wonders, were *Walnut Aristocrat* and *Heather Necessity* and *Albourne Surprise Packet* called at meal time? But *Gilbrae Gildon Gay*, daughter of *Gilbrae Generosity*, of *Gilbrae Godiva*, of *Gilbrae Garbo* was for-

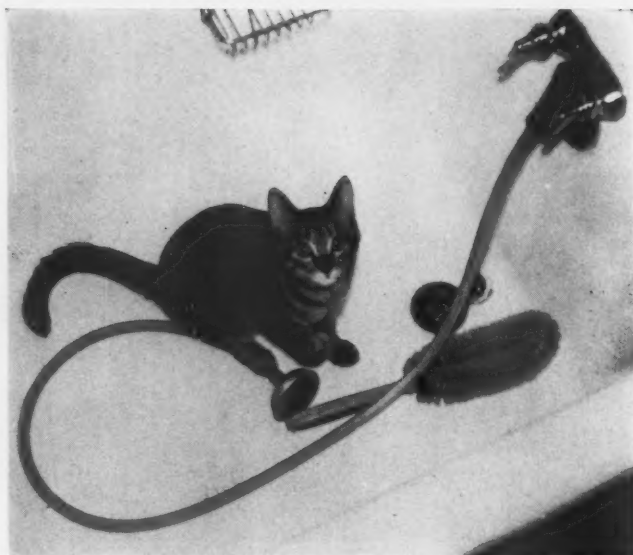
tunate; her official name lent itself to the affectionate *Gillie Gay*.

And the name must take into account the dog, himself. Words as words mean nothing to the dog. Sounds, plus the tone of the voice, are his guide to his owner's wishes. For the dog's sake, the name should be one easily spoken, one that is clear sounding, one that doesn't have to be pronounced precisely. If the dog can't hear his name there will be difficulty.

The name should be limited to two syllables, and it should contain one or two vowel sounds which can be drawn out. It is difficult to put force into words with more than two syllables.

A name that is appropriate with an appropriateness that is fairly obvious and doesn't need an elaborate explanation from the owner, a name that is original without straining the imagination too far, a name that lends itself to everyday use, a name that the dog itself can learn easily will give you, your friends and your dog pleasure.

Fido and Rover are no longer synonyms for the word dog. A dachshund becomes Umlaut; a black cocker spaniel with the very "devil" in him becomes Nicky Ben (Robert Burns' name for the devil); a foundling dog becomes Moses, found abandoned near a creek, Snow, of course, refers to white; or Yo-yo, full of bounce.



The tide is out for Rusty.

"Cats Is Cwazy!"

By Geraldine R. Irwin

ANYWAY, our cat is. She amuses us, entertains us and, at times drives us crazy. She even earns money for us. My two sons, Larry and Wally, call her their little money cat. They started to call her that because she liked to play with any change she could get her black little paws on. Then, Larry took a cute picture of Rusty in the bathtub, sent it to our local paper—and won a dollar. That's really a money cat, that is!

The boys named her Rusty because the fur on her stomach looks rusty, and because she squeaks like a rusty hinge instead of giving out with a regular meow like other cats. When Wally found her, she was a half-starved, scraggly kitten and she was yowling at the top of her lungs. Since all she usually can get out now is a squeak, we figure she wore out her vocal chords while she was lost. Most of the time she squeaks. Except when she smells raw meat.

I taught her to eat raw beef by giving her a snip of steak one day when I was unwrapping the week's groceries and she was, as usual, nosing around, getting in my way. Now, every time we bring groceries into the house, she's in the bag before we can get the groceries out. She ate a half pound of liver the other day, and I was sure she would burst. She had been running to the refrigerator and squeaking every time I opened it, so I decided to reward her diligence, just for once.

My husband is not fond of cats, but Rusty has her own way of getting around him. When he is shaving with his electric shaver, Rusty sits on his lap and pokes her nose right up to the shaver. One day, my husband made a pass at her with it. Rusty stood her ground until the shaver was passed over her back. Every day now, my husband and Rusty go through their shaving routine and I'm not sure who enjoys it most.

I feed Rusty steak and liver; my husband now plays games with her every day; the boys say hello to her before greeting me when they come home from school—and I say our cat is crazy? Crazy like a fox, that is.

Foster Parents

By Helen L. Renshaw

THE men had the old house on moving blocks. They were all set to get it rolling when someone discovered a newly hatched robin nesting in the basement. Now you may think moving men are tough brawny persons who wouldn't give a second thought to the welfare of a tiny baby bird. But not so! These men ceased operations and stood around mourning the fate of this baby who had evidently been deserted by a frightened mother robin. The mother very likely had taken flight when the men descended so unexpectedly upon her home.

Not only were the men concerned, but they 'phoned a local paper and asked that the plight of the baby robin be publicized and a plea for a happy solution be made. So a staff writer was rushed to the scene and pictures were taken. Three cheers went up when a young lady appeared, volunteering to take the small bird and raise him until he was capable of flying free and high as all happy robins do.

It soon became known that this foster mother, Miss Harrison, was not without experience. Only the year before she had discovered in her own back yard the tiniest of birds, no feathers and no trace of mother or nest. Not much to look at, either. But what to do?

"We sat down and tried to figure out what mamma robin would do," laughed Miss Harrison and a friend who lives with her.

Their conclusion went something like this. Bright and early every morning when the dew was on the grass and the earth moist, say about 5:30, these two women arose and attacked their compost pile. They dug up four or five worms. Then several times again in the morning and afternoon and evening they returned to the same spot to dig some more. Everything went fine in the cool damp spring when it seemed that the worm supply was inexhaustible. But hot dry summer came and the worms seemed to disappear. Then they tried bread and cereals mixed with water. Baby robin was not one bit fooled. He ate, but with great reluctance. So these patient foster parents who were doing their bit to cooperate with nature dug again.

"We almost dug ourself to China," they said grimly. "But finally Dagwood, that was the baby robin's name, grew strong and brave, and one day he just flew into the blue with some other robins."

And that is why these women of experience applied for the job of raising the little robin whose home was about to be moved. This deserted birdie is named Elmer.

"We keep him covered and keep the oil stove going at night. He needs lots of heat," explained Miss Harrison. "We have a small box which we reline fresh every day. Why Elmer even likes to ride in the car while we venture out to find his supply of worms."

Do these women enjoy giving Mother Nature a boost? Yes, indeed. They also feel they know all the worrying and scratching and digging a mamma robin must do when she raises a baby. And they know, too, what is in Mamma's heart when baby robin one day flies into the sky with never a thank you or goodbye or even a "see you later."



Giant Horses

By Grace Gannon

DID you ever see such huge animals? The picture below shows two Clydesdale horses.

If you were to exclaim, "He must weigh a ton," you would be right. He does. Eight of these horses all together make up a team.

This team comes to big cities, stable and all. It isn't often that horses can be enticed from their safe farm into thick city traffic.

But this team of champion Clydesdales is a match for any car. Even if an automobile speeds by one of these animals, he never loses his temper. Nor does he kick or get annoyed at fire alarms. He is always well mannered. If you watched the Tournament of Roses parade in Pasadena, you saw these well behaved horses pulling the City of St. Louis float.

The Clydesdale prances on huge legs that are covered with long silky hair. His toe nail is so huge that special equipment is needed. And when the blacksmith puts on a new shoe, he needs huge spikes to keep it in place.

The grandparents of these animals came from the valley of Clyde in Scotland. And many of them pulled stage coaches. But this rare giant of a horse now spends all his time visiting boys and girls all over the United States.

Doctor Prescribes

By Austin H. Phelps

THE best prescription our family doctor ever wrote was when he ordered a dog for our daughter. Both my wife and I were over forty when our daughter was born. The doctor, who had known us for years, looked with horror at the well-meaning coddling we gave her, and, when some years later, she became extremely nervous and unsure of herself, he put his foot down.

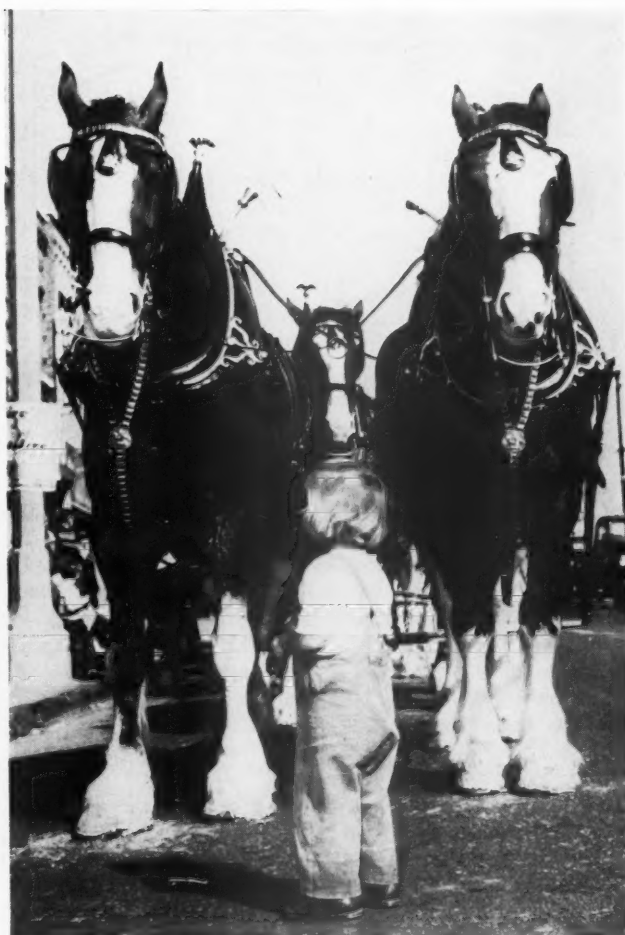
"That child has to have some responsibility instead of being entirely dependent. Get her a dog and see that she takes care of it properly."

In caring for the wobbly puppy and protecting it from larger dogs, she acquired a confidence she had never had before. In the companionship with the growing dog, she learned a companionship for other children. It was when Skip ran out and was hit by a car that I saw a little soul opening like a flower.

From the blood and the way he breathed I suspected a skull fracture, and no veterinarian could be reached, it being Sunday evening. All we could do was sit by his side all night and moisten his tongue. She took her place helping us, choking back the tears and refraining from throwing her arms around his beloved neck. At bedtime, when she prayed, it was probably the most ardent prayer she had ever made. It took real courage to go to school while I gave up work to take Skip to the hospital.

When he lived, her gratitude to the doctor brought a realization that there were greater things than television cowboys and may have had a part in shaping her life.

I'm eternally grateful that our doctor prescribed a dog.



Traveling with Dogs

By Bonnie Smith as told to Bill Hardy

MY husband, Duane, and I decided to take a motor trip to Texas last summer and we took along two of our purebred cocker spaniels, "Cindy" and "Sandy." Friends warned us that the dogs would not be acceptable in many of the motels and hotels along the road. In view of this, we had some misgivings about taking them, but, as it turned out, we needn't have had.

Our first question when we'd stop at a motel was, "Do you take dogs?" If they did, we stayed. Only once were we refused because of the dogs and Cindy and Sandy seemed to know it.

We had asked the usual question and the caretaker replied, "I'll have to think it over and call you later," which meant that she would discuss it and let us know. She called our hotel later and acquiesced, for a small extra charge, so we went out to look at the cabin again. This time the dogs wouldn't even get out of the station wagon nor would they allow the woman to pet them. As a rule they are very friendly, but they had sensed that they were not wanted here. Needless to say we didn't take the cabin.

The first time the dogs helped us to get a bed was in Wichita Falls, Texas. We pulled into town about two in the morning and after visiting five motels were about ready to give up when I spotted a light in the office of the Motor Lodge.

Duane thought it was useless, but I

couldn't be persuaded. I went in alone to ask about a cabin.

"I'm sorry ma'am," said the manager. "We're all filled up, if you want to come back in the morning I may be able to fix you up."

I made my plea then, "We've been on the road for close to forty hours driving straight through from Michigan and we plan to stay a week. Could we pull up in the drive and sleep in the car until one of the cabins is empty?"

This, he said, would be all right and here the dogs entered the picture. I told him that we had two cocker spaniels with us and one of them was a little sick. I brought Sandy into the office for a drink of water. She wasted no time, but went into her act, a complete surprise to me. She sat up and begged, then rolled over and over on the floor. After these antics she waddled over to the manager and stuck her wet nose in his hand to be petted. That cinched it.

"Maybe those people have gone out of that cabin" said he. "I'll go take a look."

When he came back, he said that the cabin would be cleaned up in a few minutes and we could have it. More than once after that I permitted Sandy to pull this act of hers to win good favor and a bed for the night. Our friends were way off base, at least Duane and I think so. People like dogs.

Dog Star

By Art Crockett

SOME two centuries ago the reigning ruler of Japan discovered that he was born under the astrological sign of the Dog Star and, because of that discovery, Japan today still has a profound interest in dogs. The fact, too, that Japan has a great many dogs is also attributed to the dog-loving ruler.

One of the first orders issued by the mikado commanded every family in the country to own at least one dog. If a family had wealth he saw no reason why it shouldn't own many dogs. His next humane step was to have erected in every section of the country shelters where old and sick dogs could be cared for and fed.

Dogs became sacred under the

mikado's rule, and to kill one required special permission.

Although the people of the country agreed and approved wholeheartedly of the ruler's wishes concerning dogs, there was one clause which rubbed against the oriental grain. The mikado decreed that when a dog died the owner had to carry the body to the highest mountain in the vicinity and bury it at its uppermost peak with high honors.

It was a gruelling climb for many, but a wise old philosopher of the day assuaged a lot of tender feelings by saying, "Be thankful your ruler was not born under the sign of the horse."

Little Bird Lost

By Ida L. Miller

IT was early one lovely summer evening and I sat on the front porch, watching the fledgling birds fly from the big tree to the porch eaves and back while the mother birds coaxed and scolded. After a while the light began to dim and the birds retired to the safety of the thickly leafed tree.

I wondered why the cat from the house next door watched so intently by the hedge and put his paws on the top of the hedge as if to reach for something. What was he looking for? I could see nothing to interest a cat but suddenly I left the porch and as I came down the steps the cat moved away reluctantly. I examined the hedge. I could see nothing. Suddenly I spied a tiny bird motionless on top of the hedge. I took the little creature in my hand. It did not move. It must have been flying from its nest to the porch and was unable to get back.

What was I to do with the tiny bird? I remembered a bird cage in the basement. We had once owned a canary. Still carrying the bird, I got the cage and put the bird in it. Was the bird thirsty, perhaps hungry? The family was out and I didn't know what to do, so I got a medicine dropper and held it to the bird's beak. After a while it opened its beak and I dropped a small amount of water into it slowly, drop by drop. Then I got a small piece of bread, broke it into tiny bits and wet it thoroughly and after trying for a while, the little bird opened its beak and took a few bits of bread.

That night I left the bird in the cage and went to sleep, wondering what tomorrow would bring. Early the next morning I brought the cage out to the porch and took the little bird out of the cage and sat down to watch and wait.

Soon a bird appeared, the mother bird. She flew to the little bird, scolding and coaxing anxiously, evidently asking it to fly back to the nest. The little bird tried unsuccessfully a number of times but finally succeeded and I went back to the house happy that the little bird was safely back in its nest.

MOVING? — Don't miss a single copy of *Our Dumb Animals*. Send your new address together with the address label from your last copy to the Circulation Manager at least five weeks in advance. Or, if you prefer, there is a convenient card for this purpose (Form 22-S) available at your post office.

Bag Full of Tricks

By William J. Armstrong, Jr.

THE time-honored conviction that cats do not like water certainly doesn't hold true with Tiger. One warm, humid night last summer, I introduced the kitten to the shower to alleviate his suffering from the heat. He quickly learned to head for the stall shower whenever he became overheated, during the hot days and nights of summer.

From that day to this, he has picked



Getting a drink.



Press Association, Inc.

Tiger goes wading in a bowl.

up a number of tricks concerning water. One of these is pushing the dog's bowl of water around the kitchen with his nose. After tiring of this stunt he puts his paw in the bowl and slops the water all over the floor. Then, there is nothing he likes better than to have me put a large bowl of water on the floor so that he can go wading.

One night I caught him sitting on the sideboard of the kitchen sink intently watching the water drip from the faucet. I immediately got my camera and snapped a picture of Tiger taking a drink. Just a true water sprite at heart!

Tiger likes to idle away the hours by lying on top of the television set near the window. Anything that moves attracts his attention, especially birds or other cats. His tail waves furiously as he builds up anger against any animal who happens to invade the privacy of the yard. Tiger would seem anxious to get out there and tear the enemy apart. But does he? As soon as the door is opened to let him out, Tiger takes it as a cue to hide under the nearest piece of furniture that's available.

He is deathly afraid of the outdoor noises, ever since last summer when a catbird scolded and dive-bombed him in

the back yard. The bird was protecting a nest of young ones, built in a tree near the house. Tiger was just a kitten at the time and couldn't figure out why he should be singled out for such a tirade, especially since he was only playing with the rustling grass.

Our cat is unique in that he doesn't act like a cat, but more like a puppy. He runs around the house with one of my bedroom slippers clutched tightly in his mouth. His inquisitive nature compels him to investigate each and every parcel brought into the house. Like Ferdinand, he also loves to smell flowers of any description or color. But, unlike Ferdinand, he chews on plants until they wither and die.

Tiger's favorite foods are—cheese, any flavor, one special kind of canned dog food, and the yellow part from a soft or hard boiled egg. I may add that he also has a craving for spiced ham, one kind of meat that sends him into ecstasy. Fish he doesn't care for at all—at least, not like an ordinary cat.

In fact, we sometimes call him a "crag" because of his varying characteristics attributed to the cat, dog and rat.

Just the same, Tiger is no ordinary cat and he is our special pride and joy.

ANIMALS IN



PICK UP THE CHECK

The dog in this picture is the adopted mascot of Police Station No. 16, Boston, where he is the prime favorite of all the officers and their mounts, as well. Often one of the officers will ride his horse in to report and throw the check rein to the little cocker with orders to watch his steed while he is inside. The dog takes this duty seriously and, as you can see, the horse looks on with prodigious amusement.

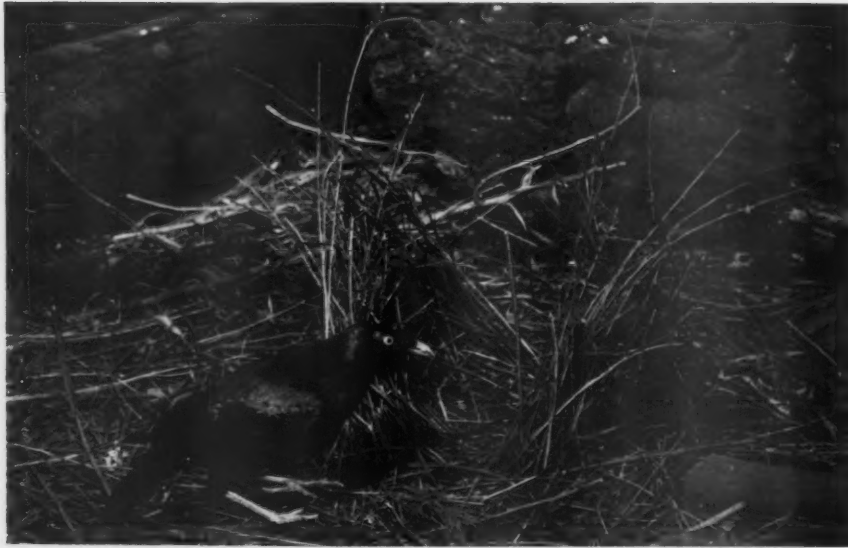
Photo by Richard Lewis

ICE WATER ON TAP

Tremont Street, Boston, was the scene of this amusing incident. Yes, it was a very hot day and the little white dog had a parched throat just aching for something cold and refreshing. And he got just what he wanted—those delicious cold drops from the ice truck.

Boston Traveler Staff Photo by Frank Cushing





A Satin Bower Bird builds its bower.

Photo by Neil Murray

Blue Satin Show-Off

WE have all seen the small boy show off to his girl friend by walking the fence or riding his bike "no hands."

But have you seen a bird do the same thing in his own way? Many birds do just that, notable among them being the Satin Bower Bird. We all know that most birds are excellent builders, but this particular bird is also an artist. He has his home in Australia and the wonderful sheen of his dark-blue plumage accounts for his name.

About the size of a pigeon, he has a most alert, intelligent air. As is the way of all birds, the male is the more colorfully clothed, his little wife being garbed more soberly in shades of soft green.

This bird builds its nest six or more feet above the ground, but he gets his name from the playhall or arbor or bower which he constructs on the ground. The bower is usually set among low shrubs, the walls from 12 to 18 inches high, arching gracefully over the top. He makes a small, stout platform of sticks and here, during spring courting days, he performs for the benefit of his lady friends. This bower is a playhouse or stage which the bird uses as a place to show off while trying to woo his mate. He will dance through it with a bright object in his mouth, or he will even fight with another male in the bower if he thinks it will help his romance.

Most Bower Birds go in for bright buttons, bits of bone, etc., but the Satin is a bit exclusive and he prefers blue flowers. If you have a garden nearby do not grow blue blossoms unless you want to help the Bower Bird with his decorations, for he will nip off every head. He will carry off anything, in fact, that happens to be blue, including laundry bluing bags.

The Satin Bower Bird is the only member of the family who paints his bower. He covers the inside twigs with a mixture of charcoal and his own saliva, using a small wad of soft bark as a brush which he holds in his nimble beak. With head on one side and critical eye he acts exactly like a humane decorator intent on his job and enjoying it.

One interesting fact about the bowers has been reported, and that is that most of the bowers face north and south, even when built in dense woods.

The bird's courting dance is a quaint, rather stiff little performance, rather like the minuet. As he takes those mincing little steps around the stage and the rest of his runway, he keeps an eye on any lady who may be looking on.

Birds are perhaps the best behaved and the most beautiful of all God's smaller feathered folk and the Satin Bower is one of the brightest and loveliest of them all.

Steel Trap Barbarity

WE think of this as an enlightened age and yet, there are few among us who need to be told that the steel trap is an instrument of torture. An autumn stroll through the woods or a winter hike in the snow is all that is necessary to bring many a story of suffering and death to light.

Many fur-bearing animals are caught between the cruel jaws and left to die of hunger, thirst or infection and numerous are the cases of household pets imprisoned—sentenced thereby to die or by self-inflicted maiming to escape death but to lead ever afterwards a crippled existence.

The laws of Massachusetts seek to abolish these abuses as follows: "Whoever sets, places, maintains or tends a trap, commonly called a steel or jaw trap, with a spread of more than six inches, or a trap with teeth jaws, or a 'stop-thief,' 'dead-fall' or choke trap with an opening of more than six inches, shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars."

The purpose of the steel trap law as originally adopted was to suppress that kind of cruelty engendered by capturing the designated animals in traps of such construction as to cause them pain and suffering for an appreciable length of time.

A later law states: "Whoever uses, sets or maintains any trap or other device for the capture of fur-bearing animals which is likely to cause continued suffering to an animal caught therein, and which is not designed to kill such animal at once or to take it alive unhurt, shall be fined fifty dollars; but this section shall not apply to traps or other devices for protection of property if set or maintained not more than fifty yards from any building, cultivated plot of land, or enclosure used for the rearing of poultry, including game birds, to the use of which building, plot or enclosure the presence of vermin may be detrimental."

Still another section of the law says: "Whoever fails to visit at least once in twenty-four hours a trap set or maintained by him shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars."

If every State were to enact similar legislation, a long step forward would be taken in abolishing this terrible cruelty. What is needed is a widespread educational program.

Cat Tales

By Mel Peacock

OVER the course of a year Thomas and Tabby Cat continue to be a primary source of noteworthy items in the chronicles of news events. Scores of unusual stories of cat courage, affection, loyalty, and feline friskiness come to light.

For instance, the feline "Oscar" for unrivaled courageous cat performance must surely be awarded the four-year-old pet of Mr. M. Woodrow Terry, of Hardeeville, South Carolina.

One warm night in September, Tommy's master was sitting in the semi-darkness of a tourist court patio gently rocking back and forth in his chair. He kept hearing a slight movement and a buzzing sound behind him, but paid no heed to it until his cat suddenly dived beneath his rocking chair. In a moment the patio was a battle area, a contest between a fiercely fighting feline and the venomous rattle snake lurking under Terry's chair.

All of Tommy's fighting instincts were aroused by the deadly five-foot intruder. It seemed that the cat fully realized his master's imminent peril. After a short, but terrific battle, Tommy succeeded in killing the reptile.

When the danger to his owner ceased to exist, Tommy immediately became again his usual mild-mannered feline self and, with unquestionable justification, the hero of Hardeeville.

The next day, the *Savannah Morning News* was moved to comment editorially: "Tommy, adopted as an abandoned kitten, has more than paid for his four-year keep. Indeed he has paid well for his liver and salmon even unto that day when he enters the Valhalla of all good tomcats where the creeks run with pasteurized milk and catnip grows instead of grass."

Our little furry friends' contribution to human comfort and companionship is an accepted fact, but when a cat's actual presence proves a rallying influence to a child suffering from a dread disease, we



Mouse's-eye view of Mr. Cat.

Photo by R. W. Olsen

are inclined to elevate our conception of kitty's therapeutic significance. Such an animal was Seven-Toed Pete, pet and playmate of five-year-old Regina Lee Gamble, of Eureka, California.

One day Pete, who seems to have been something of a peregrinating pussy-footer, strayed a little too far from his trailer home. Lost and confused, he wound up on the other side of town, unable to find his way back. Not a fickle feline, you understand, only a curious kitten who wanted to see how the other half lived.

Regina Lee was disconsolate. And worse, the doctors had just pronounced her illness, polio.

At the hospital, she asked her father if God would find Seven-Toed Pete if she tried hard to get well. Her father assured her that God would.

A Eureka newspaper published the story of Regina Lee's illness and concern over her lost pet. Mrs. Walter Call, the good Samaritan who had found Pete, read the story and immediately restored him to his little mistress.

After Pete's return, the doctors jubilantly made the heart-warming report that Regina Lee showed the first signs of recovery from her serious illness.

In Atlanta, a foreign cat made the headlines by unconsciously creating

what officials of the Cotton State Cat Show called a minor state of turmoil.

Captain Robert Henry's entry was a Japanese cat with short tail and long hind legs. The native cats were frankly puzzled by his appearance, and, to further complicate matters, his Japanese tongue was all Greek to them.

It seems that Japanese cats cry "nee-yow, nee-yow" instead of "mee-yow, mee-yow." Consequently, with no interpreter present, Neko's American cousins were nonplussed by his efforts at cat conversation. Incidentally, in Japan, a cat is called neko and a kitten is known as kuto. We don't know how Captain Henry's neko placed in the show, but we hope it has picked up enough American CATchwords to feel at ease among its Atlanta neighbors.

The most unusual cat in the news, probably, was Tom who can boast of being the only living "cat o' nine tails." Tom is the pet of Mrs. Michael Priami, of Chicago.

In December, Mrs. Priami observed a formation of tail-like growths taking shape on Tom's backbone. Now he has nine separate tails. Other than that distinction, his owner says that Tom is perfectly normal, purrs just as vibrantly as any other cat, and "gobbles up all the sardines he can get."



Picture shows *Animal Fair* set with a group of "Kindness Friends" on the barn door background. Cameras 1 and 2 are all ready, and Tanya and I are about to say "Good evening, friends."

"Animal Fair"

By John C. Macfarlane

IT is Friday. The time, 5:00 p. m. Seventeen men gather at their posts at WBZ-TV, Boston. And "Animal Fair" is on the air. Easy? No!

A single program requires many hours of planning, weeks in advance. For example, when a telecast calls for a class of children, each must go through his or her part several times. This repetition is not to insure perfect diction or memory, but to arrange for "camera shots," pictures that will be seen by more than a half million viewers in New England. But no matter how much planning precedes a telecast, the actual "on camera" time may, and usually does, bring surprises.

One night while discussing a little gray squirrel, the little fellow decided to investigate the studio. He left my shoulder and started to roam. While still "on camera" I asked my helper, Carl Johnson, to bring the squirrel back. Carl got down on all fours, calling in a voice heard by some 500,000 people, "Here, Snoddy; here, Snoddy."

Then, there was the time we were listening to a class of third graders tell us about two little fantail pigeons, Adam and Eve. The youngsters were wonderful and the program brought out the fact that children learn many things from a close association with animals. To cap the climax, five minutes before the program closed, Eve presented us with a tiny white egg. I believe that "Animal

Fair" is the first telecast in the world on which a *real* egg was laid.

A case of love at first sight almost broke up our Christmas program. I had arranged for several animals to be brought in, including a burro and a cow. The latter two met for the first time when Carl Anderson loaded them into his truck. When they arrived, however, we could do nothing with them. If they were separated for a moment they made so much noise calling to each other that we couldn't keep them in the studio.

Everyone who watches "Animal Fair" knows Tanya, my toy fox terrier and a valiant warrior. Once when we had an elephant in the studio, Tanya decided she didn't like that elephant. She promptly ran over and tried to bite the big fellow's foot—something she wasn't too well equipped to do.

Then there was the time my friend Bill Chase was supposed to arrive at the studio in time for our five o'clock rehearsal, with several animals. He was delayed in traffic and didn't get there until 5:58. We had a bad time wondering whether or not he would make it in time for the program.

Ever since June, 1951, I have been privileged to conduct "Animal Fair" and I have always tried to make each telecast as interesting and as informative as possible to all age groups. We tried to show the importance of kindness and the interdependence that exists between us and our animal friends.

Award for Humaneness

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for the prompt action taken by the American S. P. C. A., of New York City, in making an award to the George A. Hormel and Company after the story of its new humane slaughtering method broke in this magazine in the December issue of last year.

A great deal of time and thought went into the planning of the plaque (see picture) which was designed by the Society's General Manager Warren W. McSpadden.

During the Society's 87th annual meeting, held on May 25, this unique James Hopkins Award for the best improvement in the humane slaughter of food animals was made for the first time. The award, consisting of the silver plaque and one thousand dollars in cash, was presented to the Hormel Company, packers of Austin, Minnesota, in recognition of a new method perfected for the large scale slaughter of hogs, by which the animals are passed through a tunnel containing carbon dioxide gas where they are anaesthetized, causing the final slaughter of these animals to be painless and completely humane.

This award was made possible by a permanent fund left the Society by the late James Hopkins, to be used for the purpose of encouraging humane methods of slaughtering food animals, and was received by L. W. Murphy, of the Company, from James H. Jenkins, cousin of Mr. Hopkins.

Mr. McSpadden characterized the hog immobilizer as "the most important advance in the humane slaughter of food animals in recorded history."



A Parent's Evaluation of Humane Education

By Christine Stevens

I HAVE been asked to evaluate Humane Education as a parent. It is of great concern to me, for I believe its future progress or decline will have an important influence on the degree of civilization achieved by our country during the coming generation—in short, on the kind of environment our children will grow up in. Feelings of compassion and real sympathy, attitudes of responsibility and respect for lesser creatures are honored by all educators. Many humane societies are doing praiseworthy work with educational programs for grade schools. Teachers know that young children respond naturally to animals. I firmly believe that the majority of grade school teachers welcome well-prepared materials such as the magazine *Our Dumb Animals*, films and leaflets. Even small and impecunious humane societies can cooperate by supplying teachers with some reference materials so that Humane Education can be extended to children in all parts of United States.

Conservation of our natural resources is too often emphasized from a purely economic viewpoint in the interest of survival. It is dealt with on a materialistic basis, ignoring the extremely important moral implications. Good parents and teachers know better. It will be a sad day, indeed, when we come to value the dog and other forms of creation for what we can get out of them.

Little children can learn to substitute kindness for cruelty far more easily than do adults. Likewise, active support and assistance to humane work comes largely from persons past their middle years. But what of the people in between? After entering high school, and later on in our universities, Humane Education, which can do so much in the development of good character and citizenship, with few exceptions is non-existent.

In Great Britain, many college students take a vital interest in support of the Universities Federation for Animals Welfare, in what might be termed advanced animal welfare problems. Conferences are held to consider such subjects as livestock transportation, trapping and hunting, animal experimentation, and much of their findings and recommendations are published. British legis-

lation on the protection of animals is more complete than any state in the United States because of an informed public understanding.

It is the special duty of humane educators to reaffirm strongly the ethical principles for which societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals were founded, and to extend Humane Education not only to children of all ages but adults as well, thus following in the path of George T. Angell, founder of the American Humane Education Society.

We can not be timid, half-hearted or apologetic about our principles. They are too important to the world at large, and as trustees we must shoulder our responsibility. Waves of brutality follow in the wake of wars. We are confronted with problems of suffering wider in scope than those which early humane leaders fought to solve. Significant, too, is the ugly growth of interest in bull fighting and other cruel sports. It can lead to a complacent tolerance of all

forms of cruelty unless we do our part so that it shall be clearly recognized as abhorrent and cruel.

Animal protection societies are frequently charged with being sentimental. We admit it. Honest sentiment is thought prompted by feeling, not mawkishness or affected emotionalism. George T. Angell had that kind of sentiment. When the nation loses it, we shall cease to be a nation.

Humane Education needs to be extended to the degree that insensibility and callousness will be frowned upon and condemned. Let us take advantage of the fortunate fact that most Americans consider cruelty to children and animals abhorrent, when they clearly recognize it as such.

I should like to close with the words of Dr. Albert Schweitzer which are so very pertinent to us all. "To think out in every implication the ethic of love for all creation—that is the difficult task which confronts our age."



Richard Furbush, Georgianna Haemen, Carolyn Rosvally and Patricia Perry, pupils of the Portland, Maine schools, represent some of the classes that have cooperated during the year in behalf of animals. Prizes, including subscriptions to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, were awarded for achievement to different schools by the Maine State Society for the Protection of Animals. Miss Gwendolyn A. Elwell, Director of Art, directed the program and commended "learning by doing" activities of humane societies as an effective educational concept.

CHILDREN'S



—Photo by Bachrach

Left behind with Duke, Buddy watches their older playmates trudge off to school.

Absent-minded Heidi

By Judith Hodgkins (10)

ONCE I had a cat named Heidi. She was very young to have kittens when she did. I am going to tell you of an incident which happened to one of Heidi's kittens.

Heidi always wanted to keep her kittens in the middle of the living room floor. We wanted them down in the cellar. We would take them down cellar and she would bring them back one by one.

It was on one of these trips that she happened to see her dish of milk. She forgot all about the kitten in her mouth. She just decided that she wanted a drink. She dropped the kitten into the dish of milk!

The poor thing almost drowned while Heidi was drinking, but after she had had her fill, she picked up the kitten and went on her way.

Not quite sure that the kitten would recover, I followed Heidi into the living room. There she lay in the center of the floor, lazily lapping milk off her shivering baby. This she continued to do for a long time, until her kitten was dry and warm again. The kitten, in spite of its milk bath, grew up strong and healthy.

Little Turtle

By W. Ridington

*Little turtle, you're so slow
Is that the fastest you can go?
I guess that it would take a year
For you to go a mile from here!*

*Why do you carry your house around,
Are you afraid that you might drown?
For, if we had a heavy shower,
You surely would, in half an hour!*

*At least, you would be very wet
Before to shelter you could get.
Little turtle, you're so slow;
Is that the fastest you can go?*

My Aunt's Short-tailed Cats

By Kitty Schweitzer (10)

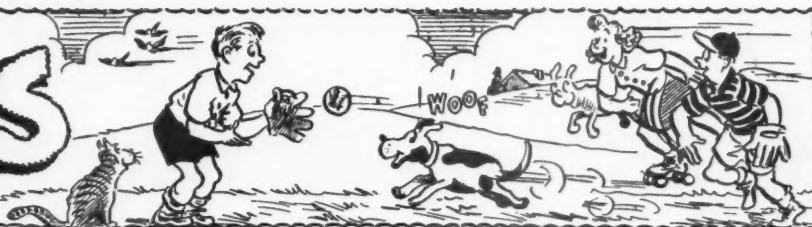
MY aunt has three cats who were born without tails. One is the mother cat and two are her kittens. Once she had another kitten that had a long tail, but it died of loneliness because none of the other kittens would play with it. Of the remaining kittens, one has a very short tail like its mother, and the other has no tail at all.

Here is a picture of the one with a short tail. Don't you think he is a pretty kitten, even without a tail?



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES



Aunt Polly's Zoo

Animal Engineers

By Eva C. Pollard

HI, boys and girls, this is your Aunt Polly again with another story.

A babbling brook runs through my woods, and one day I was surprised to find beavers building houses and dams in my little brook.

The oven-shaped houses my beavers built are made of sticks and grass and moss woven together, and are plastered with mud. The floors are carpeted with bark, grass and wood chips.

I had fun watching my beavers building a dam. They build dams to increase the water around their houses so they can pass back and forth under the winter's ice. In dam building, they first chop down some trees. They stand on their hind legs while gnawing around the tree trunk with their sharp teeth.

As soon as the tree falls, the beavers tear off the branches and cut the trunk into lengths that they can drag into the water. These short logs are dragged or floated to the desired place by these smart animals. Mud, stones and heavier timbers are carried in their forepaws and small branches and brush between their teeth.

These small beavers have no blueprints or slide rules like human engineers, but each beaver just does what seems to him best. Their dam serves its purpose, even though it is a tangled heap. They are natural engineers.

There seem to be no lazy beavers and yet beavers' work is never done. Repairing and enlarging of the home and dam goes on constantly. When you say a friend is as busy as a beaver, he must really be *busy*.

Next month, I'll have a story for you about "Insects That Carry Cold Lights." Goodbye till then.

My Favorite Dog

By Pamela Sargent (6)

LAST fall, we had my dog, Gussie, put to sleep. He was eleven years old and sick. Once, when I was four, there was a noisy dog in our neighborhood who bit. If I said to Gussie, "Go chase him," the other dog would run away. Then I was safe.

Gussie took very good care of my little brother Peter and myself, and we miss our old doggie very much. Someday, I would like to have a soft little kitty, but I like dogs best.

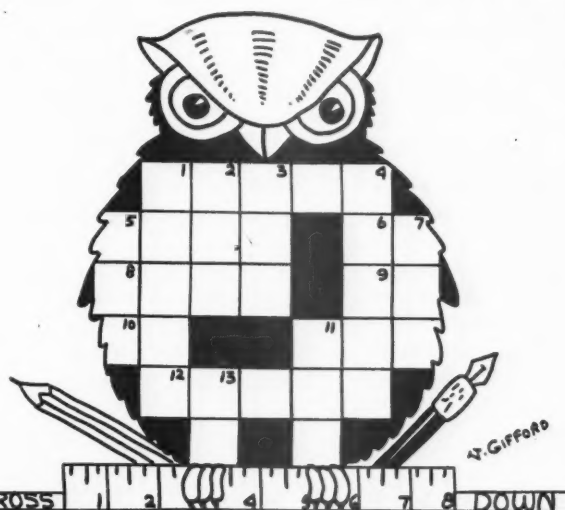
My mother wrote this story down for me and she is going to put it in the mail. I hope that you will print it in your magazine, OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLE: Across—1. blimp, 5. foe, 6. yarn, 8. into, 10. S. E., 11. half, 13. at. Down—1. bone, 2. let, 3. my, 4. pail, 5. fish, 7. no, 9. oh, 12. fa.

Every Friday on TV

MEET "MR. MAC" AND HIS FRIENDS

MONKEYS, elephants, horses, parakeets, raccoons, fish, insects and, of course, dogs and cats; they're just a few of John Macfarlane's animal friends who have appeared with him on our TV program, ANIMAL FAIR, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P. M., every Friday. "Mr. Mac" has fascinating stories and facts about animals to tell you and new animal friends each week for you to meet, so be sure to tune in ANIMAL FAIR this Friday and every Friday night at 6 o'clock.



ACROSS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 DOWN

1.



5. INSECT THAT BOTHERS A DOG.

6. LIKE.

8. OUTER COVERING OF AN ORANGE.

9. THUS.

10. IOWA - ABBY.

11. LION'S HOME.

12.



1. ANOTHER NAME.



3.



4. A FRAME TO HOLD A PAINTER'S PICTURE.

5. FRIDAY - ABBY.

7. MALE CHILD.

11. CANINE.

13. TOWARD.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

Successful Regional Meetings



President J. Robert Smith lauds Mrs. John R. Rathom.



John C. Macfarlane presents medal to Mrs. James E. Coucher.

CONSECUTIVE meetings of the Massachusetts Federation of Humane Societies and the New England Federation of Humane Societies, held on Wednesday, June 3, at the New Ocean House, Swampscott, Massachusetts, brought out forcefully the fact that these two organizations had the problems of animal welfare in their various locations well in hand.

The first meeting, that of the Massachusetts Federation, was a brief business gathering, a preface to the later program. At this meeting the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Alona Pinkham, Melrose Humane Society; First Vice-President, Earl Wentzell, Animal Rescue League of Boston; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Virginia O'Connell, Taunton Animal Welfare Workers; Secretary, Herbert Cooper, Worcester Animal Rescue League; Treasurer, Miss Harriet G. Bird, Red Acre Farm, Inc., of South Acton. Directors chosen were Mrs. Earle Brown, Fall River Animal Rescue League; Eric H. Hansen, Massachusetts S. P. C. A.; Albert A. Pollard, American Humane Education Society; Carlton E. Buttrick, Animal Rescue League of Boston; Robert M. Mulford, Massachusetts S. P. C. C.

The program of the New England Federation meeting included "Livestock Conservation through Education" by R. Carroll Jones, Director of Livestock Conservation, Animal Rescue League of Boston; "Marketing, Transportation, Sale and Slaughter of Immature Calves" by John C. Macfarlane, Director of Live-

stock Conservation, Massachusetts S. P. C. A.; "Report of the National Committee against Animal Seizure Laws" by Carlton E. Buttrick, President, Animal Rescue League of Boston, following which John C. Macfarlane presented the medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. to Mrs. James E. Coucher, President of the Springfield Branch of the Vermont Humane Society, for outstanding service to animals.

At this point the delegates, who assembled from every one of the New England states, adjourned for luncheon, during which time an orchid was presented to Mrs. John R. Rathom, Secretary of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, and the following resolution

adopted:

"RESOLVED: That the members assembled of the New England Federation of Humane Societies express their deep appreciation for the many years of service given by Mrs. Rathom as Treasurer of this organization. During all that time she gave of herself and of her substance to further the aims of the Federation. Her unfailing loyalty and devotion will always be remembered and the officers, directors and members have ever been grateful for her willing services in the cause of animal protection."

Following the luncheon the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dexter Mobbs, Connecticut Humane Society; First Vice-President, William A. McCandless, Portland Animal Refuge League; Second Vice-President, George J. Reilly, Rhode Island S. P. C. A.; Treasurer, Mrs. James E. Coucher, Springfield Branch, Vermont Humane Society; Secretary, Mrs. Alona Pinkham, Melrose Humane Society. As Directors, Miss Harriet G. Bird, Red Acre Farm, Inc.; J. Robert Smith, Massachusetts S. P. C. A.; Mrs. John R. Rathom, Rhode Island Humane Education Society; Walter F. Burns, Burlington Humane Society, were elected.

Following elections, Ernest S. Kavanagh, Assistant Treasurer of the Massachusetts S. P. C. C. discussed "Fund Raising and Investing for the Small Society"; and Mel L. Morse, Executive Director of The American Humane Association, told about the plans and policies of his organization.



Past President J. Robert Smith congratulates new New England Federation President, Dexter Mobbs.



Past President Albert A. Pollard congratulates new Massachusetts Federation President, Mrs. Alona Pinkham.

Remember that, in 1954, April 25-May 1 is
BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

4-4-5

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Of course, you can order individual editions if you wish. Back editions are \$1.50 each, but the 1952 edition is \$2.00 per copy.

GET YOURS NOW-THEY'RE GOING FAST!

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue. Boston 15. Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Going Down

FOR WHOM? You dog-owners. **WHAT?** The Dog Identification Kit, a handy form and diagram for listing the distinguishing facts and markings about your dog, in case of loss or need to prove ownership. It comes in a smart, simulated alligator case. **HOW MUCH?** Price was \$1.00 apiece; price now is 65c each, or 2 for \$1.00! **HOW COME?** To help prevent theft, check increase in lost dogs. **WHERE?** Send check to Mass. SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. **WHY?** Because *any* dog is too valuable to lose.

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At A&P the sale is never completed until you're completely satisfied. The sale must measure up to your every expectation, or A&P will promptly refund your money—no questions asked.

A&P SUPER MARKETS



My boss is mighty good to me
 Although I've got no pedigree.
 He feeds me Wirthmore every day
 And am I healthy? I should say!

WIRTHMORE

DOG FOOD

Contains Chlorophyllin

MEAL • PELLETS • KIBBLED BISCUIT

CHAS. M. COX CO.

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177 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Write for location of
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RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
 THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

OR

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

Calendar of Animals

Another first in gift calendars

TEN FOR
\$1.00

OUR new calendar for 1954 is composed of twelve different full-color animal photographs. The cover, shown at the left, but in full color, is a beautiful and appealing greeting card, making the whole a combination gift and greeting which will remind its recipient of you every day and month of the year. Size $4\frac{3}{4}'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$ —perfect for every use.

Calendar Prices

(Boxed in lots of ten calendars and ten envelopes)
Sold only in lots of 10 at \$1.00 per box.
10% discount on orders of 1,000 and over.

Imprint Costs

For an extra charge of \$3.00 for the first hundred and \$1.00 for each additional hundred (or fraction thereof) a two-line imprint of your name and address or name and greeting will be printed on each calendar. No orders for imprints can be accepted after October 15 and none for less than 100 copies for each imprint.

Imprinted calendars will not be boxed.

Animal Protection Societies

The following discounts allowed only to societies working in the interest of animal protection. Orders must be written on the society's letterhead and be for society use, not for the use of individuals associated with it. Discounts are not applicable to cumulative orders. Each order must be of amount in itself to warrant discount.

10% discount on orders from 100 to 750
15% discount on orders from 760 to 1,500
20% discount on orders from 1,510 to 2,500
30% discount on orders from 2,510 and over

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MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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I enclose my check for \$ Please send calendars to:

NAME

STREET

CITY & STATE

WORDING FOR IMPRINT, IF ORDERED

